

To passen everich element;
And whan he hath so fer ywent,
Than may be seen, behind his bak,
Cloud, and al that I of spak.

THO gan I wexen in a were,
And seyde: I woot wel I am here;
But wher in body or in gost
I noot, ywis; but God, thou wost!
For more cleer entenment
Nadde he me never yit sent.
And than thoughte I on Marcian,
And eek on Antecaudian,
That sooth was hir descripcioun
Of al the hevenes regium,
As fer as that I saw the preve;
Therfor I can hem now beleve.

WITH that this egle gan to crye:
Lat be, quod he, thy fantasie;
Wilt thou lere of sterres aught?

Nay, certainly, quod I, right naught;
And why? for I am now to old.

Elles I wolde thee have told,
Quod he, the sterres names, lo,
And al the hevenes signes to,
And which they been. No fors, quod I.

Yis, pardee, quod he; wostow why?
for whan thou redest poetrye,
How goddes gonne stellifye
Brid, fish, beste, or him or here,
As the Raven, or either Bere,
Or Ariones harpe fyn,
Castor, Pollux, or Delphyn,
Or Atlantes doughtres sevene,
How alle these am set in hevene;
for though thou have hem ofte on honde,
Yet nostow not wher that they stonde.

O fors, quod I, hit is no nede;
I leve as wel, so God me spede,

Hem that wryte of this matere,
As though I knew hir places here;
And eek they shynen here so brighte,
Hit shulde shenden al my sighte,
To loke on hem. That may wel be,
Quod he, And so forth bar he me
A whyl, and than he gan to crye,
That never herde I thing so hye:
Now up the heed; for al is wel;
Seynt Julian, lo, bon hostel!
See here the Hous of fame, lo!
Maistow not heren that I do?

WHAT? quod I. The grete soun,
Quod he, that rumbleth up and down
In fames Hous, ful of tydinges,
Bothe of fair speche and chydinges,
And of fals and soth compounded.
Her kne wel; hit is not rouned.
Herestow not the grete swogh?

Yis, pardee, quod I, wel ynogh.
And what soun is it lyk? quod he.

Peter! lyk beting of the see,
Quod I, again the roches holowe,
Whan tempest doth the shippes
swalowe;

And lat a man stonde, out of doute,
A myle thens, and here hit route;
Or elles lyk the last humblinge
After the clappe of a thundringe,
Whan Joves hath the air ybete;
But hit doth me for fere swete.

Nay, dred thee not therof, quod he,
Hit is nothing wil byten thee;
Thou shalt non harm have, trewely.

AND with this word bothe he and I
As nigh the place arryved were
As men may casten with a spere.

Iniste how, but in a strete
He sette me faire on my fete,
And seyde: Walke forth a pas,
And tak thyn aventure or cas,
That thou shalt finde in fames place.

Oll, quod I, whyl we han space
To spek, or that I go fro thee,
for the love of God, tel me,
In sooth, that wil I of thee lere.

If this noise that I here
Be, as I have herd thee tellen,
Of folk that down in erthe dwellen,
And comth here in the same wyse
As I thee herde of this devyse;
And that ther lyves body nis
In al that hous that yonder is,
That maketh al this loude fare?

No, quod he, by Seynte Clare,
And also wis God rede me!

But o thinge I wil warne thee
Of the which thou wolt have wonder,
Lo, to the Hous of fame yonder
Thou wost how cometh every speche,
Hit nedeth noght thee eft to teche.

But understond now right wel this;
Whan any speche ycomen is
Up to the paleys, anon right
Hit wexeth lyk the same wight,
Which that the word in erthe spak,
Be hit clothed reed or blak;

And hath so verray his lyknesse
That spak the word, that thou wilt gesse
That hit the same body be,
Man or woman, he or she.

And is not this a wonder thing?

Yis, quod I tho, by hevene king!

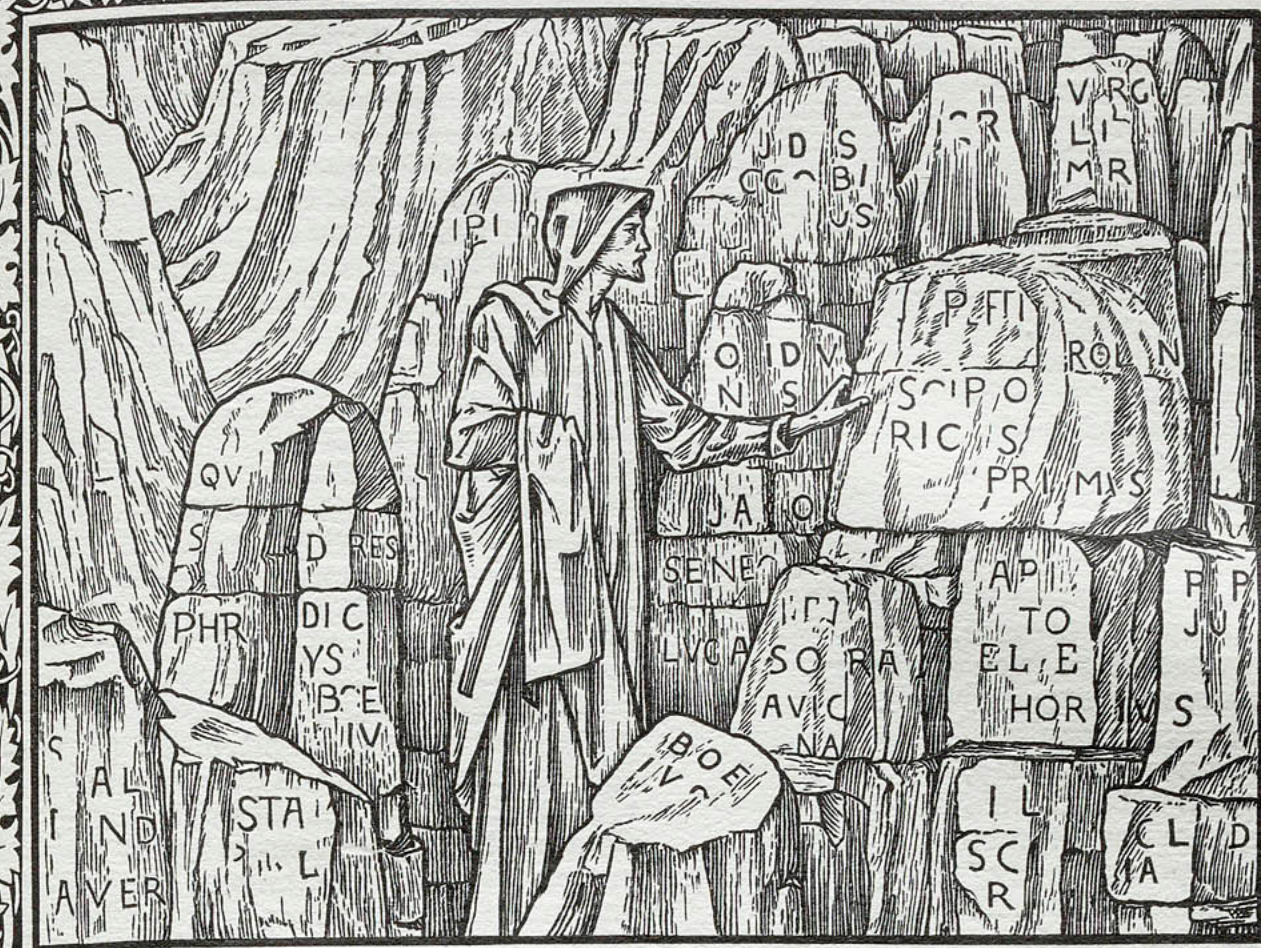
And with this worde: farwel, quod he,
And here I wol abyden thee;

And God of hevene sende thee grace,
Som good to lernen in this place.

And I of him took leve anon,
And gan forth to the paleys goon.

Explicit liber secundus.

THE Hous OF FAME • LIBER TERCIVS.



Incipit Liber Tercius. Invocation.



GOD OF SCIENCE AND OF LIGHT,
Apollo, through thy grete might,
This litel laste book thou gye!
Nat that I wilne, for maistrye,
Here art poetical be shewed;
But, for the rym is light and lewed,
Yit make hit sumwhat agreeable,
Though som vers faile in a sillable;

And that I do no diligence
To shewe craft, but o sentence.
And if, divyne vertu, thou
Wilt helpe me to shewe now
That in myn hede ymarked is,
Lo, that is for to menen this,
The Hous of fame to descryve,
Thou shalt see me go, as blyve,
Unto the nexte laure I see,
And kisse hit, for hit is thy tree;
Now entreth in my breste anon!...

The Dream.

WHAN I was fro this egle goon,
I gan beholde upon this place,
And certein, or I ferther pace,
I wol yow al the shap devyse
Of hous and site; and al the
wyse
How I gan to this place aproche
That stood upon so high a roche,
Hyer stant ther noon in Spaine.
But up I clomb with alle paine,
And though to clombe hit greved me,
Yit I ententif was to see,
And for to pouren wonder lowe,
If I coude any weyes knowe
What maner stoon this roche was;